



EVENT PROGRAMME

ALUMNI SPOTLIGHT

Thursday, 22 January 2026, 8.00pm
Picture Gallery, Founder's Building

Thomas Elwin Tenor

with

Lingling Bao-Smith Soprano

Liam Paterson Piano

EVENT REPERTOIRE

Performed by Lingling Bao-Smith and Liam Paterson

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

‘O Waly, Waly’ from *Folk Song Arrangement, Vol 3*

Benjamin Britten

On this Island

Benjamin Britten

Cabaret Songs

Benjamin Britten

‘The Sally Gardens’ from *Folk Song Arrangement, Vol 1*

Performed by Thomas Elwin and Liam Paterson

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Four Lieder, Op.27

Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

‘Una furtiva lagrima’ from *L'elisir d'amor*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

‘Dies Blindis ist bezaubernd schon’ from *The Magic Flute*, K. 620

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

‘Kuda Kuda vi udalilis’ from *Eugene Onegin*

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

‘La Fleur que tu m’avais jetee’ from *Carmen*

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

‘Che Gelida manina’ from *La Boheme*

There will be no interval during this evening’s event

Estimated event finish time: 9.15pm

Please no flash photography or visual/audio recording throughout the event.

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SONG TEXT

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976)

O Waly, Waly from Folk Song Arrangements, Vol. 3

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er,
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that will carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.
O, down in the meadows the other day,
A-gath'ring flowers both fine and gay,
A-gath'ring flowers both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against some oak,
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;
But first he bended and then he broke,
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in:
I know not if I sink or swim.

O, love is handsome and love is fine,
And love's a jewel while it is new,
But when it is old, it groweth cold,
And fades away like morning dew.

Anon.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976)

On this Island

1.LET THE FLORID MUSIC PRAISE!

Let the florid music praise,
The flute and the trumpet,
Beauty's conquest of your
face:
In that land of flesh and bone,
Where from citadels on high
Her imperial standards fly,
Let the hot sun
Shine on, shine on.

O but the unlov'd have had
power,
The weeping and striking,
Always; time will bring their
hour:
Their secretive children walk
Through your vigilance of
breath
To unpardonable death,
And my vows break

W. H. Auden (1907-1973)

2. NOW THE LEAVES ARE FALLING FAST

Now the leaves are falling
fast,
Nurse's flowers will not last;
Nurses to the graves are
gone,
And the prams go rolling on.

Not even
A soft breeze stirs,
In gentle sleep
The wood rests;
Through the leaves'
Dark veil
Bright sunshine
Steals.

Rest, rest, My soul,
Your storms
Were wild,
You raged and
You quivered,
Like the breakers,
When they surge!

These times Are violent,
Cause heart and
Mind distress -
Rest, rest, My soul,
And forget
What threatens you!

3. SEASCAPE

Look, stranger, at this island
now
The leaping light for your delight
discovers,
Stand stable here
And silent be,
That through the channels of
the ear
May wander like a river
The swaying sound of the sea.

Here at the small field's ending
pause
Where the chalk wall falls to the
foam, and its tall ledges
Oppose the pluck
And knock of the tide,
And the shingle scrambles after
the sucking surf, and the gull
lodges
A moment on its sheer side.

Far off like floating seeds the
ships
Diverge on urgent voluntary
errands;
And the full view
Indeed may enter
And move in memory as now
these clouds do,
That pass the harbour mirror
And all the summer through the
water saunter.

4. NOCTURNE

Now through night's caressing grip
Earth and all her oceans slip,
Capes of China slide away
From her fingers into day
And th' Americas incline
Coasts towards her shadow line.
Now the ragged vagrants creep
Into crooked holes to sleep:
Just and unjust, worst and best,
Change their places as they rest:
Awkward lovers like in fields
Where disdainful beauty yields:
While the splendid and the proud
Naked stand before the crowd
And the losing gambler gains
And the beggar entertains:
May sleep's healing power extend
Through these hours to our friend.
Unpursued by hostile force,
Traction engine, bull or horse
Or revolting succubus;
Calmly till the morning break
Let him lie, then gently wake.

5.AS IT IS, PLENTY

As it is, plenty;
As it's admitted
The children happy
And the car, the car
That goes so far
And the wife devoted:
To this as it is,
To the work and the banks
Let his thinning hair
And his hauteur
Give thanks, give thanks.

All that was thought
As like as not, is not
When nothing was enough
But love, but love
And the rough future
Of an intransigent nature
And the betraying smile,
Betraying, but a smile:
That that is not, is not;
Forget, forget.

Let him not cease to praise
Then his spacious days;
Yes, and the success
Let him bless, let him bless:
Let him see in this
The profits larger
And the sins venal,
Lest he see as it is
The loss as major
And final, final.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976)

Cabaret Songs

1.TELL ME THE TRUTH ABOUT LOVE

I said to Love,
"It is not now as in old days
When men adored thee and
thy ways
All else above;
Named thee the Boy, the
Bright, the One
Who spread a heaven
beneath the sun,"
I said to Love.

I said to him,
"We now know more of thee
than then;
We were but weak in
judgment when,
With hearts abrim,
We clamoured thee that thou
would'st please
Inflict on us thine agonies,"
I said to him.

I said to Love,
"Thou art not young, thou art
not fair,
No elfin darts, no cherub air,
Nor swan, nor dove
Are thine; but features pitiless,
And iron daggers of distress,"
I said to Love.

"Depart then, Love!
Man's race shall perish,
threatenest thou,
Without thy kindling coupling-
vow?
The age to come the man of
now
Know nothing of?
We fear not such a threat
from thee;
We are too old in apathy!
Mankind shall cease.. -
So let it be,"
I said to Love.

W. H. Auden (1907-1973)

2.FUNERAL BLUES

Stop all the clocks, cut off the
telephone.

Prevent the dog from barking
with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with
muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the
mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning
overhead
Scribbling in the sky the
message He is Dead,
Put crêpe bows round the white
necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear
black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South,
my East and West,
My working week and my
Sunday rest
My noon, my midnight, my talk,
my song;
I thought that love would last
forever, I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now;
put out every one,
Pack up the moon and
dismantle the sun.
Pour away the ocean and
sweep up the wood;
For nothing now can ever come
to any good.

3.JOHNNY

O the valley in the summer
where I and my John
Beside the deep river would
walk on and on
While the flowers at our feet and
the birds up above
Argued so sweetly on reciprocal
love
And I leaned on his shoulder; 'O
Johnny, let's play':
Argued so sweetly on reciprocal
love
And I leaned on his shoulder; 'O
Johnny, let's play':
But he frowned like thunder and
he went away

O that Friday near Christmas as I
well recall
When we went to the Charity
Matinee Ball
The floor was so smooth and the
band was so loud
And Johnny so handsome I felt
so proud;
'Squeeze me tighter, dear
Johnny, let's dance till it's day':
But he frowned like thunder and
he went away

Shall I ever forget at the Grand
Opera
When music poured out of each
wonderful star?
Diamonds and pearls they hung
dazzling down

Over each silver and golden silk
gown;
'O John I'm in heaven,' I
whispered to say:
But he frowned like thunder and
he went away

O but he was fair as a garden in
flower
As slender and tall as the great
Eiffel Tower
When the waltz throbbed out on
the long promenade
O his eyes and his smile they
went straight to my heart;
'O marry me, Johnny, I'll love and
obey':
But he frowned like thunder and
he went away.

4.CALYSP0

Driver drive faster and make a
good run
Down the Springfield Line under
the shining sun

Fly like an aeroplane, don't pull
up short
Till you brake for Grand Central
Station, New York

For there in the middle of the
waiting-hall
Should be standing the one that
I love best of all

If he's not there to meet me
when I get to town

I'll stand on the side-walk with
tears rolling down
For he is the one that I love to
look on
The acme of kindness and
perfection

He presses my hand and he
says he loves me
Which I find an admirable
peculiarity

The woods are bright green on
both sides of the line
The trees have their loves
though they're different from
mine

But the poor fat old banker in the
sun-parlour car
Has no one to love him except
his cigar

If I were the Head of the Church
or the State
I'd powder my nose and just tell
them to wait

For love's more important and
powerful than
Even a priest or a politician.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976)

The Salley Gardens from Folk Song Arrangements, Vol. 1

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did
meet;

She passed the salley gardens with little
snow-white feet.

She bid me take love easy, as the leaves
grow on the tree;

But I, being young and foolish, with her would
not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her
snow-white hand.

She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows
on the weirs;

But I was young and foolish, and now am full
of tears.

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864-1949)

Four Lieder, Op. 27

1. RUHE, MEINE SEELE!

Nicht ein Lüftchen,
Regt sich leise,
Sanft entschlummert
Ruht der Hain;
Durch der Blätter
Dunkle Hülle
Stiehlt sich lichter
Sonnenschein.

*Not even
A soft breeze stirs,
In gentle sleep
The wood rests;
Through the leaves'
Dark veil
Bright sunshine
Steals.*

Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Deine Stürme
Gingen wild,
Hast getobt und
Hast gezittert,
Wie die Brandung,
Wenn sie schwillt!

*Rest, rest,
My soul,
Your storms
Were wild,
You raged and
You quivered,
Like the breakers,
When they surge!*

Diese Zeiten
Sind gewaltig,
Bringen Herz und
Hirn in Not -
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Und vergiß,
Was dich bedroht!

*These times
Are violent,
Cause heart and
Mind distress -
Rest, rest,
My soul,
And forget
What threatens you!*

Karl Henckell (1864-1929)

2.CACILIE

Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was träumen heißt
Von brennenden Küssen,
Vom Wandern und Ruhen
Mit der Geliebten,
Aug' in Auge,
Und kosend und plaudernd –
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du neigtest Dein Herz!

*If you knew
What it is to dream
Of burning kisses,
Of walking and resting
With one's love,
Gazing at each other
And caressing and talking –
If you knew,
Your heart would turn to me.*

Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was bangen heißt
In einsamen Nächten,
Umschauert vom Sturm,
Da Niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes
Die kampfmüde Seele –
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du kämest zu mir.

*If you knew
What it is to worry
On lonely nights
In the frightening storm,
With no soft voice
To comfort
The struggle-weary soul –
If you knew,
You would come to me.*

Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was leben heißt,
Umhaucht von der Gottheit
Weltschaffendem Atem,
Zu schweben empor,
Lichtgetragen,
Zu seligen Höh'en,
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du lebtest mit mir.

*If you knew
What it is to live
Enveloped in God's
World-creating breath,
To soar upwards,
Borne on light
To blessed heights –
If you knew,
You would live with me.*

Heidrich Hart (1855-1906)

3. HEIMLICHE AUFFORDERUNG

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale
empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle
dein Herz gesund.

Und wenn du sie hebst, so
winke mir heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich, und dann
trinke ich still wie du ...

Und still gleich mir betrachte
um uns das Heer
Der trunknen Schwätzer—
verachte sie nicht zu sehr.

Nein, hebe die blinkende
Schale, gefüllt mit Wein,
Und laß beim lärmenden Mahle
sie glücklich sein.

Doch hast du das Mahl
genossen, den Durst gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten
Genossen festfreudiges Bild,

Und wandle hinaus in den
Garten zum Rosenstrauch,—
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten
nach altem Brauch,

Und will an die Brust dir sinken
eh' du's gehofft, Und deine
Küsse trinken, wie ehemals oft,

Und flechten in deine Haare
der Rose Pracht—O komm, du
wunderbare, ersehnte Nacht!

*Come, raise to your lips
the sparkling goblet,
And drink at this joyful feast
your heart to health.*

*And when you raise it, give
me a secret sign,
Then I shall smile, and drink
as quietly as you ...*

*And quietly like me, look
around at the hordes
Of drunken gossips—do not
despise them too much.*

*No, raise the glittering goblet,
filled with wine,
And let them be happy
at the noisy feast.*

*But once you have savoured the meal,
quenched your thirst,
Leave the loud company
of happy revellers,*

*And come out into the garden
to the rose-bush,—
There I shall wait for you
as I've always done.*

*And I shall sink on your breast,
before you could hope,
And drink your kisses,
as often before,*

*And twine in your hair
the glorious rose—
Ah! come, O wondrous,
longed-for night!*

4.MORGEN

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder
scheinen, Und auf dem Wege, den ich
gehen werde, Wird uns, die Glücklichen,
sie wieder einen Inmitten dieser
sonnenatmenden Erde ...

*And tomorrow the sun will shine
again, And on the path that I shall
take, It will unite us, happy ones,
again, Amid this same sun-
breathing earth*

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten,
wogenblauen, Werden wir still und
langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen
schauen, Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes
stummes Schweigen ...

*And to the shore, broad, blue-
waved, We shall quietly and slowly
descend, Speechless we shall gaze
into each other's eyes, And the
speechless silence of bliss shall fall
on us ...*

John Mackay (1864-1933)

GAETANO DONIZETTI (1797-1848)

'Una furtiva lagrima' from L'elisir d'amor

Una furtiva lagrima
negli occhi suoi spuntò:
Quelle festose giovani
invidiar sembrò.
Che più cercando io vo?
Che più cercando io vo?
M'ama! Sì, m'ama, lo vedo. Lo
vedo.
Un solo instante i palpiti
del suo bel cor sentir!
I miei sospir, confondere
per poco a' suoi sospir!
I palpiti, i palpiti sentir,
confondere i miei coi suoi sospir...
Cielo! Si può morir!
Di più non chiedo, non chiedo.
Ah, cielo! Si può! Si, può morir!
Di più non chiedo, non chiedo.
Si può morire! Si può morir
d'amor.

*A single secret tear from her eye did
spring: as if she envied all the youths
that laughingly passed her by.
What more searching need I do?
What more searching need I do?
She loves me! Yes, she loves me, I
see it. I see it.
For just an instant the beating
of her beautiful heart I could feel!
As if my sighs were hers,
and her sighs were mine!
The beating, the beating of her heart I
could feel, to merge my sighs with
hers... Heavens! Yes, I could die!
I could ask for nothing more, nothing
more. Oh, heavens! Yes, I could, I
could die! I could ask for nothing more,
nothing more. Yes, I could die! Yes, I
could die of love.*

WOLFGANG MOZART (1756-1791)

'Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schon' from The Magic Flute, K. 620

Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön,
wie noch kein Auge je gesehn.
Ich fühl' es, wie dies Götterbild
mein Herz mit neuer Regung füllt.

*This portrait of magical beauty,
Like never an eye seen before
I can feel, how this godlike
effigy
Fills my heart with new motion*

Dies Etwas kann ich zwar nicht
nennen,
doch fühl' ich's hier wie Feuer
brennen;
soll die Empfindung Liebe sein?
Ja, ja, die Liebe ist's allein.

*This certain something I can't
really name
Yet I can feel it burn like a fire
Should this sensation be love ?
Yes, none but love it must be..*

O wenn ich sie nur finden könnte!
O wenn sie doch schon vor mir
stünde!
ich würde warm und rein

*O if I could but find her
O wish that she already stood
in front of me
I'd be so pure and warm*

was würde ich?
Ich würde sie voll Entzücken
an diesen heißen Busen drücken,
und ewig wäre sie dann mein.

*What would I do ?
I would with great delight
Press her against my bosom
And she'd be mine forevermore*

Emanuel Schikaneder (1751-1812)

PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY (1840-1893)

'Kuda Kuda vi udalilis' from Eugene Onegin

Kuda, kuda, kuda vy udalilis', vesny
moei zlatye dni?

Tjto den' gryadushchii mne gotovit?

Ego moj vtor naprasno lovit: v glubokoi
t'me tait'sya on! Net nuzhdy; prav
sud'by zakon! Padu li ya, streloi
pronzhonnyi, il' mimo proletit ona, -
vsyo blago; bdeniya i sna prichodit
chas opredelyonnyi!

Blagosloven i den' zabor, blagosloven i
t'my prichod!

Blesnyot zautra luch dennitsy,
i zaigraet zharkii den', a ya, byt'
mozhet, ya grobnitsy soïdu v
tainstvennuyu sen'!

I pamyat' yunogo poeta poglotit
medlennaya Leta.

Zabudet mir menya; no ty, ty, Ol'ga...

Skazhi, pridys' li, deva krasoty, slezu
prolit' nad ranne urnoi
i dumat': on menya lyubil!

On mne edinoi posvyatil rassvet
pechal'ny zhizni burnoi!

Akh, Ol'ga, ya tebya lyubil!

Tebe edinoi posvyatil rassvet
pechal'nyi zhizni burnoi!

Akh, Ol'ga, ya tebya lyubil!

Serdechnyi drug, zhelannyi drug!

Pridi, prid! Zhelannyi drug,

pridi, ya tvoi suprug, pridi, ya tvoi

suprug! Pridi, prid! Ya zhdu tebya,

zhelannyi drug, pridi, prid, ya tvoi

suprug! Kuda, kuda, kuda vy udalilis',
vesny moei, vesny moei zlatye dni?

*Where have you gone, o golden days
of my spring?*

*What does the day coming has in
store for me? It escapes my eyes, it is
hidden!*

*Shall I fall to the deadly arrow, or will it
pass by?*

*All for better, there is a pre-
determined time*

For life and for sleep

*Blessed is a day of simple tasks
And blessed is the day of troubles.*

*Will the day beam shine in the
morning*

And the bright day shall reign

*And I, well, will I, perhaps, will descent
Into mysterious darkness of my fatal
tomb? And the memory of a strange
poet will fall into Abyss*

*The world shall forget me, but you,
you, Olga! Tell me, will you, the
maiden of beauty, come to shed a tear
Over the early urn*

*And think "he loved me, he devoted to
me*

The gloomy dawn of a troubled life!"

Ah Olga, I did love you,

To you alone I devoted

The gloomy dawn of my troubled life

Yes Olga, I did love you!

My wonderful friend, my dear friend,

Come, for I am your husband, etc.

*Where have you gone, o my golden
days of spring?*

Konstantin Shilovsky (1849-1893)

GEORGES BIZET (1838-1875)

'La Fleur que tu m'avais jetée' from Carmen

La fleur que tu m'avais jetée,
Dans ma prison m'était restée,
Flétrie et sèche, cette fleur,
Gardait toujours sa douce odeur.
Et pendant des heures entières,
Sur mes yeux, fermant mes
paupières,
Des ces agaces, je m'enivrais Et
dans la nuit, je te voyais!
Je me prenais à te maudire,
A te detester, à me dire:
"Pourquoi faut-il que le destin
L'ait misé-là sur mon chemin?"
Puis, je m'accussais de blasphème
Et je ne sentais, en moi-même,
Je ne sentais, qu'un seul désir,
Un seul désir, un seul espoir, Te
revoir, o Carmen, oui, te revoir
Car tu n'avais eu qu'à paraître
Qu'à jeter un regard sur moi,
Pour t'emparer de tout mon être.
O ma Carmen!
Et j'étais une chose à toi!
Carmen, je t'aime!

*The flower which you have thrown
me,
I kept with me inside my prison,
Withered and dry, this flower,
Hath always retained its sweet
smell,
And throughout the entire hours, I
would close my eyes and sniff it, I
would get drunk with this smell,
And during the night, I had visions
of you!
I began to curse you,
To detest you, asking myself:
"O why has destiny placed The
flower upon my shirt?"
Then, I accused myself of
blasphemy,
And I felt within myself naught,
Save one single desire,
one single desire, one single hope,
To see thee again, O Carmen, to
see thee again!
For you had only to appear afore
me,
And to throw one glance at me, To
take possession of my whole
being.
O my Carmen!
And I was thy chattel!
Carmen, I love you!*

GIACOMO PUCCINI (1858-1924)

'Che Gelida manina' from La Boheme

Che gelida manina, se la lasci
riscaldar.
Cercar che giova?
Al buio non si trova.
Ma per fortuna
é una notte di luna,
e qui la luna
l'abbiamo vicina.
Aspetti, signorina, le dirò con due
parole chi son, e che faccio, come
vivo.
Vuole?
Chi son? Sono un poeta.
Che cosa faccio? Scrivo.
E come vivo? Vivo.
In povertà mia lieta scialo da gran
signore rime ed inni d'amore.
Per sogni e per chimere e per castelli
in aria, l'anima ho milionaria.
Talor dal mio forziere ruban tutti i
gioielli due ladri, gli occhi belli.
V'entrar con voi pur ora, ed i miei
sogni usati e i bei sogni miei, tosto si
dileguar!
Ma il furto non m'accora, poiché,
poiché v'ha preso stanza
la speranza!
Or che mi conoscete, parlate voi,
deh!
Parlate. Chi siete?
Vi piaccia dir!

What a frozen little hand, let me
warm it up - what use is looking?
In the dark we won't find it.
But by good fortune it is a moonlit
night, and here the moon
we have it close to us.
Wait, Miss,
Hi tell you in two words who I am,
and what I do, and how I live.
Is that ok??
Who am I? I'm a poet.
What do I do? I write.
And how do I live? I get by?.
In my happy poverty
I squander like a great lord rhymes
and hymns of love.
For dreams and for fantasies and for
castles in the air I have a millionaire
soul.
At times, from my strongbox, two
thieves, beautiful eyes, steal all the
jewels.
They came in with you just now and
the dreams I use and all my sweet
dreams disappeared immediately!
But the theft doesn't bother me,
because, because hope has taken
their place!
Now that you know me you speak, for
pity's sake!
Speak. Who are you?
May it please you to tell!

EVENT PERFORMERS

LINGLING BAO-SMITH

Soprano



Lingling began her musical journey as a chorister at Salisbury Cathedral. Her first year of undergraduate was spent at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama as a violinist in the class of Simon Fischer, before transferring to Royal Holloway in 2023. She graduated with first-class honours, and was awarded the Alice Dougherty Chaplin and Woodward Prize for Excellence in Performance in 2025. Alongside her studies, she held choral scholarships with the Choir of Royal Holloway, the Esterhazy Singers and St John's Notting Hill, as well as being a member of the 2024/25 cohort of Genesis Sixteen, with whom she sang in Scotland, Wales and New York. She has a busy freelance career, performing with choirs such as Continuum, Coro Spezzato, English Symphony Orchestra Chorus, and with vocal consorts Selva Armonica and Lady Clare's Consort. As a soloist, she has performed the role of Belinda (Dido and Aeneas), and the soprano solos from Bach's Mass in B Minor, Faure's Requiem and Handel's Messiah.

A prog-rocker at heart, she is the violinist for the band The Orchestra (For Now), and has performed at UK festivals such as Latitude, End of the Road, and Green Man. Winners of the 2024 Green Man Rising Competition, the band have since completed a sold-out UK tour, and released two EPs, Plan 75 and Plan 76, tracks of which were performed in a BBC Radio 6 live session.

LLIAM PATERSON

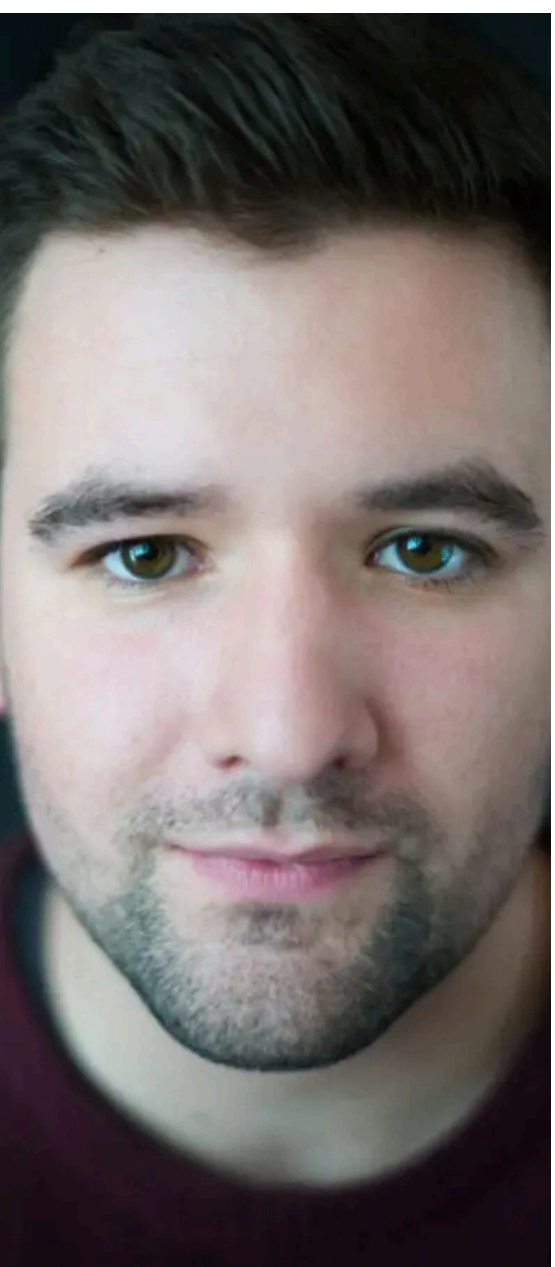
PIANO



Lliam Paterson is a former Graduate Fellow in Collaborative Piano at Royal Holloway. He trained at the University of Cambridge, Guildhall School of Music and Drama and obtained his PhD in Creative Music Practice from the University of Edinburgh, specialising in collaborative methods in contemporary opera production.

Liam was Composer in Residence with Scottish Opera in 2014-17. He has been commissioned by the Manchester International Festival, Leeds Opera Festival, Lammermuir Festival and the Royal Scottish National Orchestra among many other organisations. 'BambinO', an opera for babies, has toured around the world, including performances at the Metropolitan Opera and LA Opera, where it has toured around Los Angeles County every season since 2022. His album of works for choir and electric guitar, 'Say It To The Still World', was released on Delphian Records with the Choir of King's College London, conductor Joseph Fort and guitarist Sean Shibe.

Liam is a staff collaborative pianist at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland and a Visiting Tutor in Piano at both Royal Holloway and the University of Aberdeen. He was previously Lecturer in Composition and Musicianship at RCS Junior Conservatoire.



THOMAS ELWIN

Tenor

London-born tenor Thomas Elwin has built a distinguished career performing in opera houses and concert halls across Europe.

Audiences are drawn to his warm lyric voice, expressive musicianship, and engaging stage presence.

Recent operatic highlights include Alfredo in *La Traviata* (Opera Glass Works, filmed production), Rodolfo in *La Bohème*, Gennaro in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and Canio (cover) in *Pagliacci* with English Touring Opera, Borsa in *Rigoletto* at ENO, and Arturo in Bellini's *La Straniera* with Chelsea Opera Group.

On the concert platform, Thomas's recent and upcoming engagements include *The Dream of Gerontius* (Sinfonia Smith Square), Mahler's *Symphony No. 8* (Cheltenham Festival), Verdi's *Requiem* (St Albans, Ely, and Canterbury Cathedrals), an Opera Gala with Ermonela Jaho and the BBC Concert Orchestra, and *Messiah* with the Hallé. In 2025, Thomas released his debut recital album, *Le vase brisé*, which has been commended for a US Grammy. Future releases include discs of Strauss songs and Britten's *Abraham and Isaac*.

Previous performances of note include Lensky (Eugene Onegin) at Opera Holland Park and West Green House Opera, Oronte (Alcina) at Glyndebourne, Nemorino (L'Elisir) with Wild Arts, Don Ottavio (Don Giovanni) at English National Opera, Sam Kaplan (Street Scene) at Oper Köln, Belmonte (Die Entführung) and Jaquino (Fidelio) at the Vorarlberg Landestheater, numerous roles including Ferrando (Così Fan Tutte) at Oper Stuttgart, and further Mozart roles at Teatro Barocco (Vienna), and with Classical Opera Company. Thomas has appeared as soloist with major ensembles including the Munich Philharmonic, City of London Sinfonia (BBC Proms), and in concert with Barbara Hannigan.

Thomas began his musical life as a chorister at St Paul's Cathedral, London, where he frequently appeared as a treble soloist on BBC Radio 3, Classic FM, and at venues including the Royal Festival Hall and Tokyo Opera City as a member of the Boys Air Choir. While an undergraduate choral scholar at Royal Holloway, University of London, he co-founded the internationally renowned vocal ensemble VOCES8. A graduate of the Royal Academy of Music and the Solti Accademia Bel Canto, Thomas is a former Equilibrium Artist and Classical Opera Company Associate Artist, and is an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music. Based in London, Thomas combines his performing career with an active teaching practice. Away from music he enjoys most live sport, supports West Ham United, and has completed several marathons, raising over £10,000 for charity.

www.thomaselwin.net

OUR PROGRAMME NOTES

Unless otherwise stated, all of our programme notes have been written by a team of student volunteers enrolled onto the university's Concert Management & Artist Personnel Programme.

This event is presented as part of the International Concert Series 2025-26 - VOX HUMANA - at Royal Holloway University of London